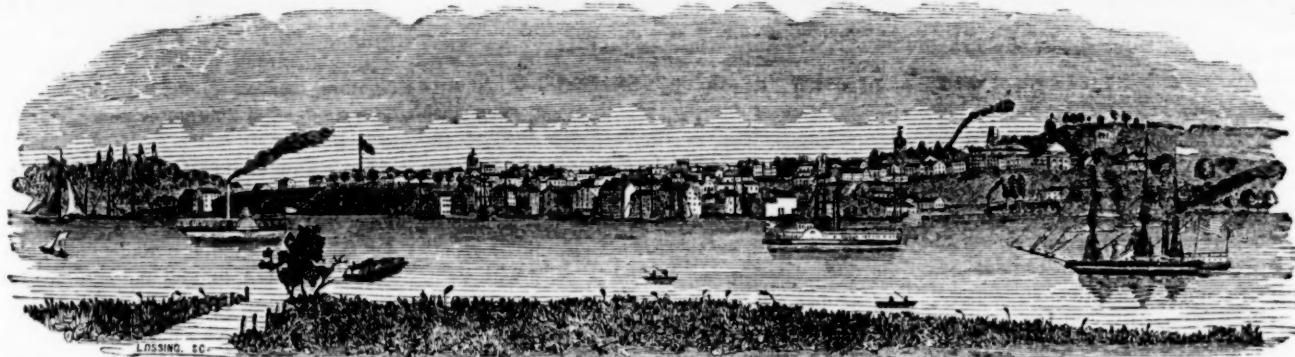


# RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

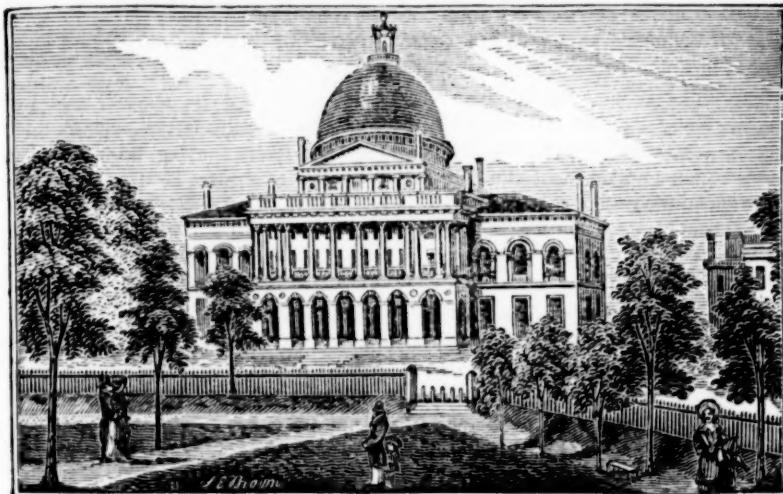
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## SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE STATE-HOUSE IN BOSTON, MASS.



THE State-house is on an open square on Beacon street, fronting the malls and common. It is 173 feet in length and 61 in breadth, and its foundation is 110 feet above the level of the sea. Its size and elevation make it a very conspicuous object as Boston is approached. It was constructed at an expense of \$133,333. On the area of the lower hall stands the beautiful statue of Washington, by Chantry. "From the top of the dome on this building, which is 52 feet in diameter and 230 feet above the level of the harbor, the whole city appears beneath, with all its *crooked streets*, its extended avenues, its splendid buildings, and the malls

and common of 75 acres, crossed with romantic walks and shaded by centurian elms. On the north and west, the county of Middlesex presents its numerous villas, and a rich array of agricultural taste and beauty. Here are viewed the hollowed walls of Harvard, and the sacred field of Bunker. On the south, the county of Norfolk appears with its granite hills and luxuriant vales, chequered with a thousand farm-houses and cottages and splendid mansions. On the east, the city, with its lofty spires, the harbor, and the ocean, all conspire to render this the most enchanting scene west of the Bay of Naples."—*Hist. Col. Mass.*

## TALES.

### THE TWINS;

A Story of the Far West.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"And a hunting we will go."—OLD SONG.

The morning of a cold, though pleasant day in October, found Strongarm accoutred for the chase. His trusty rifle, with whose unerring aim, the smallest mark had never been missed by him, was suspended across his broad shoulders, and his pouch was hanging upon his bosom; while his favorite companion, Hong, was bounding around, anxious for the expected campaign.

Cornelia had just arisen, with ruddy looks, from

her bed of the dryest and softest moss of the mountain—animation sparkling in her eyes, and the rose bud hue of health, mantling the cheeks or her intelligent countenance. She saw the preparations of her preserver for his expedition; and in the romantic enthusiasm of her feelings, again besought him to permit her to accompany him. She had never before appeared with such a winning smile, and such an angelic countenance, to Strongarm; and it was in vain he painted to her the fatigues she would encounter, in keeping pace with him in his hunting tour. She seemed determined to go, and laying her soft, white hand upon his arm, cast into his face such an imploring, innocent look, that had she bade him leap the precipice of their mountain residence, to gratify her, the impulse of the moment

would have spurred him onward to the abyss below. With a tear moistening his penetrating eye, the spontaneous effusion of his feeling heart, he gave his consent; and on seeing her light form glide with speed to the hut to prepare, he exclaimed to himself—"The spirit of the Great Father is in her—she must go—but no game will the Indian find. The Good Spirit grant, that the setting sun brings her in safety to the mountain again."

But his fears vanished in a moment, as she appeared clad in her fur jacket, covering her neck and shoulders, and extending to her waist—the collar of which, with her chinchilli cap was tied with a silken string under her chin, and a belt of wampum which he had given her with a large silver buckle, enclosed her slender waist; below which a Turkish formed dress extended, with pantallets that answered a double purpose, made of deer skin, and lined with fur, both for warmth, and protection from brambles and thorns. A small wallet of provisions was suspended over her well covered shoulders, and in her hands she supported a long staff with which she was wont to bound from rock to rock in her sports upon the hill.

Thus accoutred, she laughingly said—"I will be game carrier for you, my father!" to which he answered with a nod of assent, and she descended with him to the shore of the lake—the faithful Hong skipping with delight around her.

Strongarm's movements were rapid; but she followed him with the nimbleness of the deer, and they soon penetrated into the dark recesses of the forest, which seemed before untrod, save by the wild tenants which inhabited it. Suddenly, the keen eye of this native of the wilderness, discovered a huge bear, and he raised his shrill voice, which sounded through the forest—calling her to hasten to him. At this moment, she was some distance behind with the dog, whom she kept by her side as her protector. On hearing his shrill call, she hastened with speed to the spot through the trees and underbrush. As she reached the side of her preserver, she saw the formidable beast of the woods a few rods from them descending a tree, tearing with rage the bark. A sight so unexpected, caused a trembling in her frame, for an instant, and she involuntarily uttered a shriek of terror; but soon she saw the Indian level his deadly barrel. It was but the work of a moment—for no sooner had the report of the piece sounded in her ears, than her eyes beheld Hong grasping the prostrate foe, who

in the agonies of death, was in vain endeavoring to contend with the powerful dog. But to wander through the intricate mazes of the forest with our hunters, is not our intention, as it would afford but little interest to our readers. Cornelia, however, witnessed enough to cure her of her hunting excursions, and it was nearly night ere the Indian gave up his sport, to retrace his steps toward the mountain.

The sun had entirely sunk behind the forest trees, and darkness began to increase as they came near the highway, a short distance from which embosomed in the forest, they came unexpectedly upon a house, seemingly untenanted.

The Indian entered with his charge, resolving to stop through the night, knowing her weak and tender frame was fatigued, and could not support reaching the mountain that evening. The building was lone and sequestered, surrounded on all sides by the dark forest, with one or two paths leading from it to the highway. It was uninhabited and dreary, and its dark walls were sooty from the smoke which seemed to have congealed in masses of blackness upon the ceiling and sides of the outer room. Another apartment adjoining, formed by a projection from the building, appeared more comfortable. Two or three old broken benches were laying on the floor of the mansion, which seemed the only furniture the house afforded: but as they had resolved to occupy the building, for the night, Strong-arm gathered some dry branches from without, and soon kindled a cheerful blaze in the dilapidated fire place: and, as there was in one corner of the room, (which appeared designed as a sleeping apartment,) a kind of bunk or birth attached to the side of the wall; he collected some dry grass, and formed a comfortable couch for his female charge.

After thus preparing every thing in as comfortable a manner as possible for the rest of Cornelia, he, with her consent, and without anticipating any danger, left her and departed for his mountain residence, to return by early dawn, and accompany her back, leaving, however, the faithful Hong as her protector in case of emergency.

Cornelia being thus left alone with her dumb companion, threw herself on the rude couch prepared by her kind and solicitous preserver, while Hong stretched himself on the floor at the foot of the birth, as if conscious of the trust reposed in him by his master, to protect his charge.

Fatigue soon threw her into a sweet sleep, as if reposing on a bed of down. Two hours had the somniferous god sealed her eyes, and by his refreshing influence, braced her frame with vigor and activity; when she was awakened from her slumbers, by the gentle pawing of the watchful dog upon her bosom, whose glaring eyes, as she awoke, turned furiously toward the door of the apartment.

It was utter darkness in the room; but through the crevices of the partition, she thought she could discover some little glimmering of light. She listened, and a storm seemed raging without. Terror at first shook her frame; but as silence appeared to reign in the interior, her alarm gradually subsided. Hong, however, still set by the birth, gazing intently upon the door, and at times a low, sullen growl escaped him, as he placed his head near the floor, as if in the act of listening. Several times she was in the act of again laying down; but the movements of her dumb companion, on every occasion, deterred her, by laying his paw upon her body, as on his first awaking her.

These strange actions of the faithful dog, not

only aroused her curiosity, but led her to suppose danger threatened in some shape or other, and soon her suppositions were verified. A sudden glow of the embers on the hearth threw a faint light into the room, and she intently watched the dog who now placed his head upon the floor, but instantly raising himself by her side, belched forth with a tremendous roar, as she, quickly turning her eyes, saw the door opened cautiously, by a person whose towering form darkened the whole aperture with his huge dimensions. A lamp which he had in his hand, cast a glare of light into the room; and Hong opened his deafening yells with more fearful loudness, and crouched still closer by her, with a determined attitude to protect her.

"Hell and furies! who is here?" uttered the gigantic form, starting back at the fury and threatening aspect of Hong.

Frightened to almost insanity, Cornelia uttered a scream of terror, as she sprung from her bed of grass upon the floor.—"Hong! Hong! here—here!" said she, throwing open the back window, which was low and near the floor.

The dog bounded through the window, and Cornelia was also in the act of springing out after him, when she felt the strong gripe of hands upon her shoulders. She knew no more for some minutes, and when she again unsealed her eyes, she was laying upon the grass bed, and two stern, rough looking persons, standing beside her. The window had been closed and she looked wildly for the dog, faintly exclaiming "Hong—Hong!"

"Hong is off, madam," muttered one of the men.

"Heaven protect me," exclaimed Cornelia—"oh! spare a helpless female!"

"Yes, yes, you shall be spared, my pretty wood-nymph," replied the ruffian; and turning to his companion, continued, "This is a night of wonders, Croker—we no sooner get rid of one young spark, than we find the flame."

"I will go," said Cornelia, hastily rising to depart. "O, my preserver, why did you leave me?"

"Never mind, deary, we shall overtake him, perhaps;—come, we are bold gallants—we will not leave you."

"Spare!—spare me, sirs—I cannot go with you," imploringly uttered Cornelia.

"Umph!—then, we'll help you, my lassie," answered the largest of the ruffian looking men. "Get the horses ready, Croker, while I put a stopper to her mouth. A woman's lungs let out more sound than forty men's."

"For what am I doomed," cried the terrified girl, in a voice that would have softened a harder heart than her savage companion's.

"To take a ride with us," drily returned he raising her in his arms.

Cornelia struggled and screamed, while the brutal wretch forced his handkerchief into her mouth, and fastened her arms behind her; but without offering any further violence. Then bearing her through the outer room to the door, she was soon mounted in front of the monster; and his companion, mounting another horse, they rode off towards the highway.

Cornelia had, as she was borne along, succeeded in slipping the cords from her hands, and just freed herself from the gag which had almost suffocated her, when at the critical moment, the furious horse began to rear and plunge. It was then she screamed and threw herself from the arms of the horseman, and darted into the forest, where she was rescued by young Holenbrook, as stated in the first chapter.

On being saved from the ruffians, and a few moments after, her gallant preserver's leaving her, she was suddenly surprised at hearing a loud howl, and the next instant, saw Hong, the faithful dog, bounding in joy around her. His hard breath breathing and weary looks, betokened that he had been engaged in a fatiguing chase, which appeared to be the fact.

On his finding, after leaping from the window of the building, that he could not enter again it being instantly closed on the seizure of Cornelia, the sagacious animal furiously circumambulated the building, but finding no entrance, sought the track of his master, and instantly proceeded to the mountain, where a piteous howl announced to Strongarm his arrival.

"Hong!" exclaimed he, starting from his couch, where he had rather slumbered than slept, and seizing his rifle, "Hong, where is she?"

The animal sprang towards him, howling piteously. He at once knew that something was wrong:—the sudden presence of the dog, and his anxious looks, together with impatient actions;—first pulling him, and starting suddenly;—then turning to see if he was followed; all spoke a language of danger, too plain to be misunderstood, by the equally sagacious Indian.

In an instant he started, and with rapidity descended from his lofty residence, and hastily entered the forest, the dog leading the way. With the speed of a racer, he hurried his course to the rude log house, where he had left his charge. The door was closed by the wind; but furiously he drove open the slender barrier, and entered. Crossing the outer room, he perceived the other vacant, as Hong, who had preceded him, was returning, and bounded past him towards the outer door.

Not the lioness suddenly deprived of her whelps, could have evinced a rage more uncontrolled, than then drove to desperation this untutored native of the woods. A yell of despair burst from his agonized bosom, as he found she was missing. But the growl of his faithful dog, snuffing the air, and bounding towards the highway, aroused him; and while vengeance blazed in his countenance, and boiled in indignation through his veins, he instantly followed, keeping Hong in view. The sudden howl of the dog, as he espied Cornelia, caused a throb of joy in the Indian, which made him utter a shout whose shrill tones struck upon the ears of Cornelia, telling her at once she was safe: for at this instant turning, she saw Strongarm, covered with mud, wild and haggard rushing towards her. In a few words she told him the adventures of the night, recounting her rescue by the gallant stranger, in such tones of gratitude, as suffused the savage eyes of her preserver with a tear of pleasure—and they immediately left the spot.

As they entered the forest, to return to the mountain, Cornelia saw the dark form of a man, gliding by the trees at the sight of the path; but the next instant he disappeared from her view. Without mentioning this circumstance, she silently followed the Indian to their residence, which they reached in safety.

The circumstances of this night made a lasting impression on the mind of Cornelia. There was a presentiment, which seemed to linger, and at times absorb her mind, that she was, she knew not why, yet to learn something important from these transactions; but the winter set in, and months elapsed, which gradually wore off her anticipations. Contentment pervaded her bosom; and her long es-

trangement from society seemed to wean her from the world, though she often thought of what she had been; yet the kind attentions of the Indian left her little regret; and her amusements continued for a long time uninterrupted by any incident worthy of record.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Now, something after the manner of my aged grandmother, when she had dropped a stitch in her knitting, I shall gather up the loose ends of my broken story.—ANONYMOUS.

To begin our chapter, we must apologize for so long keeping our readers in suspense, concerning Edward, whom we left apparently lifeless, laying on the wolf.

Cornelia had arisen early on this morning, and as was her wonted custom at this season of the year, descended to the shore of the lake to bathe. Having accustomed herself to the masculine exercise of swimming, and to use with admirable dexterity the paddles of the canoe, she unmoored the one she was in the habit of amusing herself in on the lake, and pushed it from the shore, with an intention of crossing to the opposite side, and visit a point of rocks; but as she skimmed lightly over the unruffled surface of the water, she altered her mind, and made for a bay, about a quarter of a mile from the base of the hill where she resided. As she approached the shore, she divested herself of her morning attire, and plunged into the lake, amusing herself in pushing the light vessel along.

Near the spot where she was about landing to fasten the boat, the water was bold, and the bank from the shore almost perpendicular. She swam to the edge, and after fastening her little vessel, clambered along a short distance, until she came to the level beach, where turning towards the land a few feet from her, the body of Edward, laying insensible across the dead wolf, struck upon her sight. A faint scream escaped her, as she sprang into the lake, cleaving the water for the boat. On reaching which, she threw her clothes on, while her trembling hands almost refused to obey their office. After having clad herself, she again approached the spot, where horror seemed to freeze her blood, as she surveyed the lifeless body of the youth. His pale face, was sprinkled with the crimson stain from the wolf, and the ground displayed the same red hue.

She raised him from the wild and formidable foe, which, even then, in death, appeared terrible, and caused a shuddering in her frame, that almost overcame her; but with a presence of mind uncommon, she immediately laid him back, and seized his hat which lay on the ground a short distance from her, and sprang to the border of the lake, dipping it full of water, and returned to the insensible youth. Kneeling down, she bathed his marble colored forehead in the liquid element. The vital spark seemed forever fled, as she hung over him with a tenderness and anxiety, which woman can only feel. At length, a slight movement indicated returning life, and animation began to show itself—a sigh escaped his lips as his head rested on her bosom.

"Heaven be praised!—he lives," mentally exclaimed she, contemplating his features, as renewed life gradually arrayed his countenance, from the death-color which had before overspread it.

Edward at length opened his eyes, and attempted to rise; but the loss of blood had so enfeebled his frame, that he sank back upon the bosom pillow which had supported him, faintly murmuring— "Where am I?"

Cornelia saw his weakness, and gently raising

his head, shifted her position, in order to staunch the blood which she had just perceived flowing from the wound on his leg. In the act of doing which, he caught sight of her face. As if electrified, he started again with a sudden impulse which seemed to renew his strength; but the exertion was to much, and he fainted in her arms, inanimate as a corpse.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Cornelia, as she held the lifeless body in her arms; "what shall I do?—if life yet lingers, he will die, unless assistance is speedily afforded," gently laying her burthen upon the ground, and instantly springing towards her little vessel to seek for help.

With the utmost velocity she was master of, she shot the light bark across the bay to the foot of the steep mountain, and like the bounding roe, ascended to the hermitage on its lofty peak. Strongarm was preparing his rifle for the chase, as she breathless, came up, her voice quivering, and eyes starting like globes from their sockets: every lineament of her pale countenance betokened wonderful intelligence, as in hurried accents she exclaimed, springing towards her preserver, "O, come with me to the shore, and save the life of a wounded youth," and then darting from him into the rude dwelling, immediately brought forth a bandage, while Strongarm, gazing after her, hastily left his occupation.

"Come, ere it is too late," cried Cornelia, as she seemed floating in the air, and rapidly descending the mountain to the shore, while Strongarm quickly followed her, whose movements his eye could scarcely keep pace with, wondering at the agile fleetness of so slender and delicate a being.

On reaching the shore, they jumped into the canoe, which she rapidly paddled to the spot where Edward lay insensible. On seeing him, the Indian uttered a piercing cry of horror. The sight of the dead wolf, and the unusual quantity of blood which crimsoned the ground, caused an alarm seldom evinced by this aged son of the forest; but he leaped to the shore, and took the body in his arms, cautiously thrusting his hand into the bosom of the youth, and bending his face towards that of the insensible form. "Helives daughter!" said he, raising his head, and his eyes sparkling with unusual brilliancy. Then lifting him, bore the body to the canoe, carefully extending him on its bottom, and directing her to proceed to the rock at the foot of the hill.

On reaching the deserted building, which once had tenanted the desolate Cornelia, when grief had hurled her reason from its throne, they stopped, and carried their inanimate charge in. Here Strongarm examined the wound on the leg, made by the wolf, and in a few moments succeeded in restoring life to the exhausted Edward; while Cornelia assisted in binding up the wound, and washing the blood from his face, at the same time adjusting the dislocated shoulder in an easy position.

Having thus far succeeded, in affording assistance to the wounded stranger, which bid hope cheer her heart, that his ease was not beyond the reach of human skill; she for a moment retired to the grave where slept the dust of her father. In the mean time Edward, by degrees, came to recollection, and recognized in the humane attentions bestowed upon him, the Indian who had rescued him from a watery grave.—"Again the preserver of my life," faintly said he, smilingly, and pressing the hand of the native.

"It is to Him, my son—He stayed the beast that would have slew thee."

Edward requested the Indian to convey him across the lake to the house of his father. The insupportable pain of his wound, and broken limb, made him anxious to be removed where medical assistance could be procured. In as gentle a manner as possible, Strongarm immediately placed him in his little vessel and wafted him to the opposite side, where he was removed to the mansion house of Holenbrook.

In the mean time, Cornelia, concealed from view, stood upon the beach until the projecting land hid them from her gaze, and then ascended the mountain to their dwelling. She felt a secret interest in the fate of the stranger youth, she had so fortunately discovered in the cave. His gallantry in slaying his formidable foe, and his wounded and helpless situation—the nobleness of his countenance and beauty of his form—altogether, operated to create feelings of admiration in her towards him; and again the countenance seemed familiar to her. It appeared to be the one she imperfectly seen on the night of her rescue from the horseman in the edge of the forest—"It cannot be the gallant stranger, who protected me," thought she; and yet a secret something seemed to convince her it was he, and he only. Anxiously she waited the return of Strongarm, and the day passed off with a tediousness hitherto unfelt by her, since her being an inhabitant of the dwelling of her preserver. But just as darkness began to shroud the summits of the lofty hill in night, she heard the well known tread of the Indian at the door, and she sprang to receive him. A smile danced on his countenance as she took his brawny hand, pressing it with joy at his return, and hastily inquiring the situation in which he had left the wounded youth.

"He will recover, daughter," said the Indian; "but he talks incessantly of an angel who found him, and assisted in his rescue from death, saying he will travel to earth's remotest bounds, and if he does not find her, he will explore the pathless waters."

"But," said Cornelia, smiling at the earnestness of her preserver, "he will have to search another element, and wing his flight to this mountain top to find me. Did he say any thing of searching the other elements, fire and air?"

"No, daughter; but he who rescued thee from the rude ruffians in the forest, and he who slew the ravenous wolf, are one. He who dwells beyond the setting sun, conducted you to save him."

"It is he, then—my noble protector in the forest," murmured she to herself. "Did he know me?" softly asked she, with blushes mantling the polished whiteness of her snowy neck with modest crimson.

"Know thee, daughter?—Yes—the young eagle, whose piercing eye blinks not at the noon day sun, has not an orb more searching than his. It was plain, and the thrill at the first sight of you, caused him to faint."

"Would that he had not seen me then," answered the timid girl, shuddering at the recollection of the moment.

"He will come for thee, daughter," continued Strongarm mournfully, "and desolate, and alone, I shall be left upon the mountain: the rising moons and setting suns may gild the dwelling of the Indian with their parting beams again; but she who caused his heart to be glad when he returned from the chase, will not be here to smile at his coming any more. But Him be praised, who makes the grass grow upon the hills and in the valleys. He knows best—the Indian must not complain."

"But I will never leave thee, my good father and preserver," said Cornelia, laying her white hand upon his arm, while a tear filled her eye. "Cornelia will live and die with her Indian father; —the gallant stranger will not take me from you."

"No! no, my daughter, the mighty Father never meant you to stay with Strongarm. He only lent you, to make the Indian's heart glad, and he now says, you must leave him, but the Indian will know where his daughter has gone, and when a few more mountain snows have stiffened his limbs, he will come to you. He will die easy, when he sees you happy. When you have gone, He who caused the ravens to feed the holy man, will still make glad the heart of the Indian."

Cornelia wished, yet durst not inquire the name of the youth; but seeing the melancholy countenance of her preserver, she cast on him one of her looks, that never failed to cause a smile to dance upon the stern countenance of the Indian: and rose and bid him "good night;" adding, "Cornelia will never leave her preserver."

As she retired to her little apartment in the hut, and disappeared from the view of the outcast chief, he said to himself, "She has dwelt too long with me—the youth only is worthy of her."

Here we must leave for a short time our mountain residence, and waft our readers, across the lake to Holenbrook's mansion, where some events, and characters of interest, must now be brought forward. It being night however, we must defer it until the next chapter.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"We here present a motley crew—Events both marvellous and new."—ANONYMOUS.

It was near the close of autumn, and the foster parents of Edward Holenbrook were preparing, for the first time since their residence in the country, to pay a visit to the eastward. Edward was fast recovering from the wounds received in his encounter with the wolf, when they left their peaceful residence to visit the banks of the Hudson. As before stated, Holenbrook, when he married, soon after the finding of the prolific basket, his wife, who was a widow, had one daughter, who had been brought up with Edward, and although no ties of blood united them, still they knew it not. She had taken the name of Holenbrook, and was considered by the old Hollander as his child. She bore the christian name of her mother, which was Adeline. On their leaving, this lovely daughter was left in charge at home, in company with a female cousin.

Adeline was about nineteen, tall and straight as the cedar of the forest, possessing an amiable disposition, and alive to the true feelings of genuine nobleness of heart, with all the dignity of female excellence. She was not one of those, who, by the world would be generally called handsome; yet there was a cast of such mildness in her bright blue eye, whose piercing expression, when she was interested, seemed to array her whole countenance with a fascination, which could not fail to rivet the beholder. A smile of ineffable sweetness occasionally danced around her mouth, and dimpled one of her cheeks, which although they were but slightly tinged with the vermillion hue, yet were pictures of health. She was generous and humane, as she was amiable in her disposition. Every member of the family adored her; and the colored domestics of the Hollander were always lavish in their praises of Miss Adeline—she was so kind, and so good,

when they were sick with the "*feur nager*," as their broken jargon denominated it.

Isabella La Roche, the cousin of Adeline, who was at this time visiting her aunt, and to whose parents she and the Hollander had now gone to spend a few weeks, was almost the same age of Adeline; but wild as the untamed fawn. Like some giddy-brained girl, she appeared with little forethought in her actions; yet she possessed a feeling heart. She was all life and animation in her countenance, and had, notwithstanding her volatile disposition, stored her mind with intelligence, which she could at times display in such a manner, as failed not of astonishing, while it delighted her auditors. Her mild blue eyes ever beamed with compassion on suffering human nature, when objects of pity came in view. Nor was her exterior appearance less interesting to the beholder. She was tall and graceful, with a complexion of beauty's dye adorning it—and she moved with elegance and dignity, while her silken hair flowed over her neck and shoulders with natural curls, which vied with art to imitate for beauty. Such was Isabella La Roche in all the bloom of health, enlivening all who came within the sphere of her circle, whether at home or abroad.

Edward had recovered in some measure the use of his broken limb, and his wound was nearly healed. As his recovery advanced, his spirits began to rise with the prospect of soon being able to find the fair girl who had rescued him so providentially; when one morning, Adeline and Isabella came into the room where he sat amusing himself by teaching one of the little black domestics of the house, how to whirl a top, laughing at the intense perseverance of the little sable hero.

"Come, coz! shoulder your crutch!" said Isabella, "and accompany us to the door—there is a stranger there, who wishes to see you, if your name is young Holenbrook."

"Let him come in, girls," answered Edward, continuing his sport with the little black urchin.

"But he is on horseback, coz, and wont come in. He says he has a letter for you, which he must deliver himself; and I suppose it is from your lady of the lake," archly replied Isabella, while her blue eyes sparkled with laughter.—"Come, Adeline," continued she, taking hold of his arm, "we will lead him to receive the precious billet from the water nymph."

Upon which Edward, smiling, started and accompanied the girls to the door. A man on a fleet looking horse, and strangely muffled about the face, inquired as he came up, "Is your name Holenbrook?"

"They say so," replied Edward; "will you dismount, and walk in, sir?"

"I must be excused," answered the stranger, presenting a letter with three large seals.—"This I was directed to leave with you," continued he, bowing, as Edward received the letter. Before Edward had time to thank him, however, he struck the rowels of his spurs into the horse, which started with the speed of a racer, and was soon hid from view behind the trees, in the lane leading from the road up to the house.

"He is off in a jiffy!" said Isabella. "Coz, do you often have such fleet letter-carriers?"

Edward mused a moment, without answering; then put the letter into his bosom, remarking, as he turned to go into the house—"that was a fine looking horse, the stranger rode. Did you notice him, Harry?" directing his conversation to a black, who just came up.

"Yes, Massa!—he all bone and sinew—there be blood in that *are* horse, Massa Edward!"

"Yes, Harry, he is a full blooded animal."

"A fig for your horses," cried Isabella, half laughing and half angry at Edward.

"Come, coz, now tell me whom that letter is from."

"No, I shall not, unless you will come and kiss me for the news," answered Edward, breaking the seals and laughing at the curiosity of Isabella.

"Well, I will," replied she, gliding behind his chair as he seated himself, on entering the house to read his letter. Clapping her mouth close to his ears, she smacked her lips, making him suddenly start at the shock, which sounded through his head with deafening loudness.

On reading the letter, his countenance underwent a variety of changes, which were quickly observed by the girls, although he arose and went to his room, to ponder over the singular contents of his communication.

Adeline and Isabella, in the mean time, racked their invention in vain surmises at the appearance of the stranger, with a letter to Edward, and its probable contents. He joined them in about an hour; but his whole countenance appeared so changed, and there was such a look of mystery that seemed to pervade him, although he strove to be cheerful, that it astonished, while it still farther raised their curiosity; and Isabella was determined, if possible, to find out the mystery. As soon as he was seated by them, she began:—

"What news did your budget contain, coz, that makes you look so grum? One would suppose you had seen another water nymph." The rattle-brained girl was continuing, when Edward interrupted her by saying, in an imploring tone—

"Dear Isabella, do spare me!—I have indeed received a letter; but the contents of which are an inexplicable mystery to me. At some future period, when your uncle arrives, you shall be made acquainted with what it contains. Until then, kind girl, ask me no questions, as you value my peace of mind on the occasion." As he ceased speaking, he buried his face in his hands, and seemed convulsed with his feelings.

"Well! upon my word!" cried Isabella and Adeline, both in a breath, Isabella however continuing, "Since you take it so much at heart, suppose we take a ramble towards the lake.—What say you to it, Edward?"

"I am ready to attend you, girls," answered he, rising, while a flush of humbled pride at letting his feelings so far master him, crimsoned his countenance; and they started on their walk towards the lake.

As they reached the lake shore, Isabella and Adeline rambled upon the beach at some distance from where Edward had seated himself, on a shelving rock projecting from the bank, to rest him from the fatigue of his walk. Suddenly he was surprised at the sight of the girls in a canoe, laughing at the novelty of the sport, and paddling towards him from a small point which they had just doubled, making off a short distance into the lake. As they came near where he was seated, Isabella espied him, and held up a handkerchief with her hand, saying "A prize!—a prize, coz." While he was thinking where they could have so soon obtained a canoe, the giddy girls, not being accustomed to the buoyant, slender bark, lost their balance, and turning the canoe bottom upwards, both were precipitated into the lake. On seeing

their accident, and dangerous situation, Edward sprang from his seat, and as fast as his disabled condition would permit, hastened to their relief. But one arm was still suspended in a sling, and his leg, which had caused him to use a crutch, (in his hurry forgotten and left upon the rock,) so, that before he reached the edge of the water, he sunk with pain upon the sand.

At the same moment Adeline and Isabella were overturned in the canoe, a wild shriek which seemed bursting from the copse on the bank of the shore, pierced the still air, and echoed over the water; and the instant after, a female form, with the rapidity of the wind, issued into the open space from the woods—dashing into the lake, and shot like an arrow through the water. In an instant she reached the little vessel, and with admirable dexterity whirled it upon its bottom—then, like a mermaid, rising from the bosom of her native element, leaped on board, her long tresses dripping over her shoulders.

Isabella and Adeline, as they sunk and rose again, shrieked wildly for assistance; while this heroic female propelled the canoe to the spot where they were struggling in the waters.—She guided it between them, and springing to the centre of the little vessel, directing Isabella to seize hold of the side. At this instant, Adeline who was again sinking, for the last time, had disappeared from above the surface of the water, and was faintly struggling, vainly grasping at something beneath. The heroine plunged into the lake after her, and instantly fastened her delicate hands in the long silken hair of the drowning girl, bringing her up to the surface; and placing her hands upon the opposite side of the slender bark. Having thus balanced the little vessel, she swam to one end, and pushed it through the water towards the shore a few rods distant.

Edward, during this scene, unable scarcely to rise, sat upon the sand, almost spell-bound with astonishment, at the intrepidity of this female; for she seemed, when rescuing his friends from a watery tomb, as if she was only sporting in her native element. As they neared the beach, the water became shallow; and, trembling with affright, Adeline and Isabella quit their hold of the canoe, and waded to the shore, where Edward, with difficulty, had arisen to receive them. It was now they turned to thank their preserver, whom they supposed following them; but she had again entered the canoe, which was cutting through the water, crossing the lake, with almost supernatural velocity. She stood at one end of the canoe and the long tresses of her hair still hung down her shoulders, dripping and glistening in the sunbeams with a glossy brightness.

They all three gazed a moment, shouting entreaties for her return; but she only turned and waved her white handkerchief in answer; and continued swiftly gliding her canoe over the rippling surface of the lake, and soon appeared only like a speck in the distance, upon the bosom of the water.

Isabella was the first to break silence, as they watched her, until the vast space entirely hid the little vessel from view. "It was cruel in her," said she, bursting into tears, "not to stay, and at least, receive our thanks; but," continued she, her eyes glistening through the tears that suffused them, and a smile dancing over her countenance, "It was you, Edward that frightened the water nymph away. Come Adeline, as she saved us

from drowning, we will help him to catch her, as soon as he can relinquish that wooden substitute for a leg, which he forgot to employ when he rushed to assist us. Here coz," said she, bringing his crutch, "here is your better part—we must away to the house, and change our dress. I shiver now from the effects of our cold bath."

"Yes, let us go," answered Edward, thoughtfully; and slowly they returned towards their habitation. As they passed along, Isabella had banished her fright, and was chattering away in praise of the heroic female who so opportunely came to their assistance.

"Oh!" said the rattle brained girl, "that I was but a male, that I could have her for my *dulcinea*—such beauty, form and grace, never before were combined; and the silver tones of her voice, were like melody from the soft breathings of the lute.

"Did she speak?" said Edward, interrupting her, and almost gasping for breath, "what, my girl—what did she say?"

"Speak! cousin—did you ever see a female that could not use her tongue?" answered Isabella, laughing. "Yes, she spoke; but the bubbling in my ears prevented my distinctly understanding what she said—though I believe they were words of encouragement to Adeline and myself. O, how I wish she had accompanied us."

"I will find her," muttered Edward to himself; "ere to-morrow's sun sinks from view, I will seek the residence of the Indian. Who can she be? and why does she thus elude observation?"

"Isabella overhearing the latter part of his soliloquy, turned her laughing eyes on him, saying, "she is wild and afraid of a wolf-killer; but Adeline and myself will catch her and tame her for you. Say, coz, what will you give us if we will bring this water nymph home to you."

As they approached the house, they were met by Harry, the black, who, seeing the girls all dripping, rolled up his large eyes in wonder, exclaiming, "O, bless me Misce Adeline and Isabella! how wet you be!"

"Why, Harry," said Isabella, "we have been into the lake, head and ears, a fishing—and we have got "fishermen's luck." Go tell your *fair* consort to get something warm and nice."

"Been in the lake!" echoed the black—"yah! yah! yah!—that be no way to catch the fish. Go wid Harry some time, Misce—he show you how to catch 'em."

"Well, Harry, you shall accompany us on our next trip."

"Yes, I show you how the 'Ginians catch 'em," continued the black, grinning and showing his ivory.

"Never mind, Harry, now, about your 'Ginians and Virginians; but run and assist Phillis to make a fire."

"You caught a wet jacket, Misce Isabella—look out you no catch the *feur nager*—I caught *them* are kind of fish once myself—they make all the bones rattle—don't they, Massa Edward?"

"Go along! you snowball," answered Edward, showing a little anger at the black's liberty—"do you not see the girls shivering for a fire to dry themselves?"

"Snowball!" muttered Harry, starting—"guess if I an't white, you need not twit me on't."

"I will twit, and twitch your woolly head off, you copper-colored rascal—move those bandy legs of yours a little more nimble," said Edward, moving towards him, on overhearing his grumbling.

On reaching the house, the girls retired, and

divested themselves of their wet dress, while Edward pondered over the scenes of the day. As he was about retiring for the night, he summoned Harry, bidding him to be in readiness to waft him across the lake in the morning; then throwing himself on his bed, soon sunk into forgetfulness all his anxieties, notwithstanding they absorbed and perplexed his mind.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### NATIVE POETS.

LOOKING over some Native Poetry, composed by one who had formerly contributed much to the Repository—"The late Wm. A. COFFIN, of this city, author of *Miscellaneous Poems*," &c.\* we noticed a remarkable prophecy, given in one of the stanzas of the piece entitled "*An Address to Bacchus*"; perhaps our readers may have noticed it, perhaps not—it reads as follows:—

And lo! the golden age, will come,  
Quick stepping on the age of Rum,  
To lead long wandered husbands home,  
From thralldom freed;  
And our bold freemen shall become  
Free men indeed!

The above was written in 1827, and was verified in 1843; its talented and lamented author, who saw so far with the visioned eyes of a Bard, into time, died at the early age of 22, long previous to the fulfilment of this singular prediction, so elegantly expressed.

There are many beautiful and original thoughts contained within the Poems of the above young Poet, hitherto unnoticed by his countrymen. I may be allowed to mention the following idea, which strikes me as being entirely original. I find it in the concluding stanza of "*The Address to the Sun*."

Sun! if thy light is the fountain of wit,  
Thence—the streams of felicity;  
O! when thy lamp is earliest lit,  
Let me enchain my spirit with thee!

This is certainly poetry of the highest order; nor has Byron produced a nobler thought!

Collins' productions were all written with a benevolent motive, apart from mere fame; and we must assuredly place him first on the list of those whom posterity will entitle "*Temperance Poets*." The book as it is, is a pleasant domestic companion, easily understood by all; well comprehended by even the uneducated; and should be read often in families. It is full of temperance philanthropy, and reads a lecture to young and old; truly might it have been said of that lone, solitary star in our horizon—he was "young in years, but old in hours." A part from these considerations, there are in these "*Miscellaneous Poems*," glowing descriptions of old Nature, wonderfully leading the all-engrossing self-conceit of man, to adore the beautiful and the sublime! In the piece entitled, "*The Mountain Cataract*," (Catskill,) there occurs the following elegant and true description—

Beneath, like carpets of the richest hue,  
On either side the foliage slopes away;  
And tops of forests to the lofty view  
Appear like meadows ripening into hay,  
Where sports the sun-beam with the softest ray,  
And mellowest—mellowed o'er the mountain's height,  
Creating rainbows of the rising spray,  
When westward sinking, chased by sable night,  
Which glitter there awhile, then fade, as fades the light!

Surely is not this American Poetry! is there not a peculiar freshness and wildness about it, by which we feel we are on the spot, and taste the coolness of evening, as old Sol sinks gradually below the

\* If any one should desire copies of the above Poems, they may be obtained of the Author's father, Capt. George B. Coffin, of the city of Hudson.

mountain's brow! Are we content unless we enjoy such thoughts? Mere dusty books, or the clink of dollars, is not sufficient for the sons and daughters of freedom; we must enjoy old Nature, or this world is a mere den of misery, and misery we ourselves frequently make, by extinguishing the torch of brotherhood in the fountain of gold! I say, let us recur back to poetry and sentiment, things we began life with, and not degrade ourselves as Americans by wearing (a thing youth hates to wear) the icy chain of avarice. Let our own Native Poetry and exuberance of feeling, out of which arises all that is great or noble in our nature—patriotism, love, and filial affection, be cherished and regarded, even as it deserves to be, with love and respect, aside from mere moneyed considerations.

We have quantum sufficient of elegance and greatness among our own children, without heeding much what is going on in antiquated, hollow-hearted, blood-stained Europe! Here genius, newly born, steps forth from the vasty woods, lofty mountains, and fathomless lakes, and exhibits himself in a new dress, the garb of Nature and Liberty. We have no need of examples from the old world; what is now performed by the contemned and abused pioneers of literature in America, may stand landmarks for those who shall come after us; for primeval society, is fast fading away; and a hundred years to come will make the present rude essays of genius—equal in reverence to Chaucer, Spencer, &c. of old England itself. Certain it is, what is now written by American Poets is, commonly speaking of an original character, and relates to aspects and manners merely lingering amongst us; for even the appearance of the landscape, as well as the ways of the people, are continually changing. America is something like a very rich, or a very great personage; she has been so long used to greatness and splendor, worth and talent, laying like rubbish around her, that she has almost forgotten its existence: and as one of her humblest sons, among many, I would venture occasionally to remind her of these truths; so that, if possible, her actual blindness may vanish, and she see what dust she is trampling upon. Gold-dust, forsooth, is good enough for her to walk upon! We know it is, but do not let us forget that *it is* Gold.

ALPHA.

THE following elegant reflections were intended for the "Spirit of the Age;" but have never been published, owing that paper being discontinued: they are from the pen of the late lamented CHARLES H. BARTLETT, and betray a vigorous and mature intellect, far above the years of the author. We have a few more which in due time we shall present our readers.—*Ed.*

## THE NEW AND THE OLD TIMES.

Now that men have suddenly awakened to a new and startling sense of the ruin that has so long been hanging like an incubus upon them, it is natural to look back upon past times as ages of folly and blindness;—as a weary reign of ruin and despair, over which was hung a disgusting allurement—an illusion disgraceful to human nature.—"Why, how is it," said a reformed, regenerated man to us a few days ago, "that with all the study and learning of past centuries, they never saw this one practical, matter of fact thing: that rum would certainly kill a man?" This was not a new question, for just waking as from a long and painful dream, we have heard many a reformed inebriate make similar inquiries; and we append the following paragraph which was found in an Almanack,

one hundred years old, to show that the deceitful one has long been known, and that his power has not been maintained through *ignorance*, but reckless folly:—

"*Strong waters* were formerly used only by the direction of Physicians; but now *mechanics* and *laborers* drink *RUM* like *fountain water*; and they can infinitely better endure it than the idle, unactive and sedentary part of mankind; but **DEATH** is in the bottom of the cup of every one. Does the great Doctor *Cheyne* lie, when he says that neither *laudanum*, nor *arsenic* will kill more certainly, although more quickly? You may feel high-spirited while your blood boils into sulphur and flame; so you might walk (for the present safety) if the sands of the earth were gun-powder, till the spark came; but what would secure you in the time of the explosion?"

## BIOGRAPHY.



## ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, daughter of the Rev. John Aikin, born at Kibworth in Leicestershire, June 20th, 1743, one of the most distinguished female writers of the age. She received from her father, who in the early part of her life presided over a dissenting academy at Warrington in Lancashire, an excellent literary and classical education, to which she was indebted for the full development of her great natural talents, and of a vein of poetry at once elegant and imaginative. Her earliest production was a small volume of miscellaneous poetry, printed in 1772, which in the year following was succeeded by a collection of pieces in prose, published in conjunction with her brother, Doctor John Aikin of Stoke Newington. In 1774 she accepted the hand of the Rev. Rochemont Berbauld, with whom she took up her residence at Palgrave in Suffolk, and there composed the works on which the durability of her reputation is most securely founded, viz. "Early Lessons and Hymns for Children," pieces which are justly considered as of standard merit, in conveying the first rudiments of instruction to the infant mind. In 1785, she accompanied her husband on a tour to the continent, and on their return, resided for several years at Hampstead, but in 1802 again removed to Stoke Newington, in order the more constantly to enjoy her brother's society. In 1812 appeared the last of her separate publications, entitled, "Eighteen hundred and Eleven," a poem of considerable merit; previous to which she also amused herself by selecting and editing a collection of English novels with critical and biographical notices. A similar selection followed from the best British Essayists of the reign of Anne, and another from Richardson's manuscript correspondence, with a memoir and critical essay on his life and writings. Mrs. Barbauld died at Stoke Newington, March 9, 1825, in her 82d year, leaving behind her many unpublished manuscripts both in prose and verse.

## MISCELLANY.

## LIFE.

BY MISS BREMER.

ILLUSIONS! Illusions! you cry over all joys, all faith, all love, in life. I shout back with all my might over your own words, "Illusions! illusions!" All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end to woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of love are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an allusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. It bears dissimilar fruits, various in color and glory, but all beautiful; let us undervalue none of them, for all of them are capable of producing plants of eternal life.

Youthful love—the beaming passion-flower of earth? who will belie its captivating beauty, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children of the earth? But, ah! I will exclaim to all those who must do without it; there are flowers which are as noble as this, and which are less in danger than it of being paled by the frosts of the earth?—flowers from whose chalices also you may suck life from the life of the Eternal!

Ah! if we only understood how near to us Providence has placed the fountains of our happiness—if we understood this from our childhood upwards, acted upon it, and profited by it, our lives would then seldom lead through dry wilderness! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and home to the rich activity of life. They will then experience what sweetness and joy and peace can flow out of family relationship, out of the heart-felt union between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; and they will experience how these relations, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings for our maturer years.

## IT WON'T DO.

IT is curious how many thousand things there are which it won't do to do upon this cozy planet of ours, whereon we eat sleep, and get our dinner. For instance—

It won't do to plunge into a lawsuit, relying wholly on the justice of your cause, and not equipped beforehand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to tweak a man's nose, or tell him he lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out—or (if you have no brains) cracking your skull.

It won't do, when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an "all-fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

It won't do, when snow-drifts are piled up mountains high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, (as this winter,) to ride out with a beautiful, lively, fascinating girl, and not expect to get *smashed* with her.

It won't do for a man when a horse kicks him, to kick back in return.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a legislature who feed at the public crib will sit but six weeks, when two-thirds of the members have not capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a post, unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It won't do, when a mosquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him, because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him because she has always endured his company.

It won't do, when in a hurry, to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or try to catch fleas with a fish-net.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face till you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to take hold of a hair-trigger pistol during a fit of the blues.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair while the back counties remain to be heard from.

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after a lady has said "no."

It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to another lady's head.

It won't do to go barefoot in winter to get rid of trouble from corns.

It won't do to take every man to do that you would like to, even if so to do would be to do a favor. It won't do!

#### HINDOO FABLE.

There is a fable among the Hindoos, that a thief having been detected and condemned to die thought upon an expedient by which he might be rescued from death. He sent for the jailor, and told him he had an important secret to disclose to the King, and when he had done so he would be ready to die.—The King sent for him, to know what this secret was. He told him that he knew the art of producing trees that should bear gold. The King, accompanied by his prime minister, courtiers, and priest, came with the thief to a certain spot, where they began their incantations. The thief then produced a piece of gold, declaring that if sown it would produce a tree, every branch of which should bear gold: "but," added he, "this must be put into the ground by a person perfectly honest. I am not so, and therefore pass it to your majesty." The King replied, "When I was a boy I remember taking something from my father, which, although a trifle, prevents my being the proper person. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister." The latter said, "I receive the taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest? I therefore, give it to the priest." The priest pleaded the same as to his conduct in receiving the sacrifices. At length the thief exclaimed, "I know not why we should not all four be hanged, since not one of us is honest." The King was so pleased at the ingenuity of the thief that he granted him a pardon.

BEAUTY.—Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the

justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it, and something to the embellishment which sets it off; and yet when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last, that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A fellow, as the story goes, crowded himself into company where he was not wanted, and when requested to withdraw he refused. Whereupon a "huge paw" took him by the collar, and with a terrible kick lifted him on to the side walk. The ejected stranger riz, and, scratching the bruised spot, said, "Mister who tapped your boots?" He did this so coolly, that he was voted in a life member of the "Dry Jokers."

WE THINK IT LIKELY THAT IT IS SO.—Somebody says that no boy passes his nineteenth year without having experienced at least one tender and "eternal" (of course) passion, and that very few girls get fairly through their sixteenth year scathless of a romantic love. "The tender sentiment is peculiar to the teens, and is something like the mumps and measles—it comes once in a lifetime."

DICK," inquired the maid, "have you been after that saleratus?" "No I haint." "If you don't go quick I'll tell your mistress." "Well, tell mistress as soon as you please. I don't know Sally Ratus, and won't go near her—you know well enough I am engaged to Deb."

If you fall in love with a good girl that loves you, marry her and ask not perfection in womankind, for unless you are perfect you have no right to expect perfection.

THE man who would cheat a printer, is mean enough to steal the pewter off of the head of a loafer's cane.

#### Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1844.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In several past numbers of our Repository, we have had many, very many, elegant effusions sent us—tributes of respect to departed worth; now we have no objections to such Poetry, nor such tributes, they are what should be done; elegies of this description nurse fine feelings; no doubt the only source through which tears freely flow; but yet, at the same time, too much grief gives a gloomy shade to our paper: they are generally of a local description, and relate to affairs in our immediate neighborhood; and as we intend the Repository for general circulation, far and near, will not answer our purpose so well.

A little of a good thing is good, but too much will not do; for while we are suiting one class of readers, another may find fault, and it is our object to steer if possible, a middle course, and if it can be done, give our readers a taste.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Our Correspondents no doubt will comprehend this sufficiently, without much farther explanation; a word to the wise is all things. We do not say we will refuse all pieces of a sorrowful or melancholy character; but a little sentiment of a different kind, will at times, better suit the character of this paper. We are satisfied our paper should be as varied as possible, to suit all our numerous readers, and with this remark we close, assuring the authors of these pieces we shall be very happy to hear from them occasionally, on other subjects.

THE "Columbian Magazine" for October is before us. Its engravings are beautiful, and its pages are filled with matter from the pens of some of our best American writers.

THE "Ladies Garland and Family Magazine," a handsome monthly periodical, containing 24 large super-royal pages with Engravings, Music, &c. is published in Philadelphia, by J. Van Court, corner of Bread and Quarry Street, at the low price of one dollar a year.

We cannot supply 21st, 22d and 25th numbers of Vol. 20th, without breaking whole volumes, which we cannot consistently do; but should be willing to accommodate persons wishing other numbers.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. Danby, Vt. \$3.00; W. W. Warwick, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Chesterfield Factory, N. H. \$2.25; Miss M. H. Blooming Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; B. C. L. Skanenteles, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. Smokey Hollow, N. Y. \$1.00; W. L. F. Binghamton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cedarville, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. Pulton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Blooming Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Chatham 4 Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; Miss H. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. N. Earlville, N. Y. \$5.00; H. J. V. R. Seneca Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. F. Conquest, N. Y. \$0.75; C. J. East Constable, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. West Woodville, Ohio. \$1.00; P. M. Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. \$4.00; H. H. R. Richmond, R. I. \$1.00; P. M. Almond, N. Y. \$2.00; C. W. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss L. P. Prairie du Chien, W. T. \$2.00; N. M. S. Greenfield, Mass. \$1.00; H. H. R. Brand's Iron Works, R. I. \$1.00; M. B. B. Chicago, Ill. \$1.00; W. H. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. D. Pawlings, N. Y. \$1.00; O. R. B. West Pittsfield, Ms. \$5.00; J. W. Coldenham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Jamesville, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Greigsville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. E. Mecklenburg, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. S. Keeseeville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. W. Northville, Mich. \$1.00; J. B. D. Pleasant Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; H. D. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. Pittsford, N. Y. \$1.00; I. M. H. Deansville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. Wilmington, Vt. (for Vols. 17, 18, 19, and 20.) \$3.00; W. H. Cross River, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Black Brook, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Beaver Creek, N. Y. \$5.00; A. W. Engle, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Tariffville, Ct. \$1.00.

BOND  
In Hymen's silken bands.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. George Smith to Miss Catharine Jacquier, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the same, Mr. William J. Miller to Miss Jane Frances Best.

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. P. Teller Babbit, Mr. Abner H. McArthur to Miss Mary L. Coffin, youngest daughter of Capt. Peter G. Coffin, all of this city.

At Philadelphia, on the 21st inst. by Mayor Scott, Mr. William A. Jordan, of this city, to Miss Caroline M. daughter of the late Capt. Joseph G. Jenkins of the same place.

Let Ossian sing the King of Morven—  
I sing the peerless Queen of Jordan;  
Who lately parted, from our land,  
But parted not with Willey's hand.  
We wish them joy and happiness,  
With peace and plenty ever blessed;  
And a hearty welcome evermore,  
We give them to old Hudson's shore.

In Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Martin Z. Fuller, Mr. Joseph G. Daniels, of the firm of J. G. Daniels & Co. of Mellenville, to Miss Mary A. daughter of the late Peter L. Van Buren, Esq. of Pa.

In Livingston, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. Edward Stickles to Miss Mary Rossman.

In Athens, August 8th, by the Rev. H. L. Grose, Mr. William Y. B. Pierce to Miss Mary Ann Sanderson, both of Athens.

At Philmont, Montgomery co. on the 23d inst. at the residence of John Thomas Netterville, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Alfred C. Van Alstine, of Lansingburg, to Miss Eliza Ann Netterville, eldest daughter of Thomas Netterville of this city.

In Germantown, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, Mr. John J. Richardson, of Catskill, to Miss Margaret Snyder, of Germantown.

In Syracuse, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. P. R. Sawyer, Mr. Alexander Lott, formerly of this city, to Miss Mary McDonough, both of Syracuse.

LOOSED  
From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on Sunday evening, the 22d inst. Mr. Albert Hovsraadt, of the firm of Darling, Hovsraadt, & Hedges, in the 26th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. John Hopwood in his 70th year.

On the same day, Abigail Allen, in her 87th year.

On the 17th inst. William, son of George and Ann Wagstaff, in his 2d year.

On the 19th inst. Mr. James Akins, in his 35th year.

On the same day, John, son of Walter and Mary Morris, aged 1 year.

On the 21st inst. John T. son of Ebenezer D. and Rachel Newberry, aged 9 months.

On the 21st inst. at the residence of her son-in-law, Jacob Traver, Eve Hardick, in the 87th year of her age.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. on the 25th inst. after a short illness of the Drosby, Mr. Peter Taylor, of this city, aged 69 years, 8 months and 5 days.

In Chatham, on the 11th inst. Mrs. Eliza Sickles, in the 49th year of her age, formerly of this city.

At Canaan, on Monday the 3d inst. John Whiting, Esq. in the 81st year of his age.

In New-York, on the 19th inst. Andrew G. son of N. Benjamin, Esq. of South Egremont, aged 22.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

My baby, my poor little one, thou'rt a winter flower,  
A pale and tender blossom in a cold unkindly hour;  
Thou comest with the snow-drop, and like that pretty thing,  
The power that called my bud to life, will shield its blossoming.  
The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves to fold her safe and  
warm—

Yet well she bides the bitter blast and weathers out the storm,  
I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long—but well I know,  
The everlasting arms, my babe, will never let thee go!  
The snow-drop—how it haunts me still! hangs down its fair  
young head,  
So thine may drop in days to come, when I have long been dead;  
And yet the little snow-drop's safe—from it instruction seek,  
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly and the meek?  
Yet motherless thou'lt not be long, nor long alone in life,  
Thy father soon will bring him home another, fairer wife;  
Be loving dutiful to her; find favor in her sight,  
But never, oh, my child! forget thine own poor mother quite,  
But who will speak to thee of her? the gravestone at her head  
Will only tell the name and age, and lineage of the dead;  
But not one word of all the love—the ardent love for thee,  
That crowded years into an hour of brief maturity,  
They'll put my picture from its place, to fix another there,  
That picture that was thought so like, and yet so passing fair,  
Some chamber in thy father's house they'll let thee call thine  
own,

Oh, take it there to look upon when thou art all alone—  
To breathe thy early grief unto—if such assail my child,  
To turn to from less loving looks, from faces not so mild.  
Alas! unconscious little one! thou'lt never know that best,  
That holiest home of all the earth, a living mother's breast.  
I do repent me now too late of each rebellious thought,  
That would not let me tarry my God's leisure as I ought:  
I've been too hasty, peevish, proud, I longed to go away—  
And now I'd fain live on for thee, if God would let me stay.  
Oh! when I think of what I was, and what I might have  
been,

A bride last year and now to die when I am scarce nineteen!  
And just, just opening in my heart a fount of love so new,  
So deep! could that love run to waste? could that have failed  
me too?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter by my side,  
My prime of life scarce overblown, and her's in all its pride;  
To deck her with my finest things with all the rich and rare,  
To hear it said—"How beautiful! and good as she is fair!"  
And then to place the marriage crown upon that fair young  
brow,

Oh, no! not that 'tis full of thorns—alas, I'm wandering now,  
This weak, weak head! this foolish heart! they'll cheat me  
to the last;

I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life is past.  
Thou'lt have thy father's eyes my child—oh once how kind  
they were,  
His long black lashes—his own smile—and just such raven  
hair;  
But here's a mark, poor innocent! (he'll love you for't the  
less.)

Like that upon thy mother's cheek, his lips were wont to  
press,

And yet perhaps, I do him wrong, perhaps, when all's forgot,  
But our young loves; in memory's mood, he'll kiss this very  
spot;

Oh then my dearest, clasp thine arms about his neck full fast,  
And whispers that I blest him now and loved him to the last.  
I've heard that little infants oft converse by smiles and signs,  
With the guardian band of angels that round about them  
shines,

Unseen by grosser senses—beloved one! dost thou  
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends and commune with them  
now?

And hast thou not one look for me? those little restless eyes  
Wandering, wandering every where the while thy mother dies,  
And yet perhaps thou'rt seeking me, expecting me, mine own!  
Come death! and make me to my child, at least in spirit  
known.

Hudson, Sept. 14, 1844.

S. F. S.

For the Rural Repository.

## LINES

Written on the death of Miss Mary R. Garner, of Hillsdale.

BY S. M. DORR.

"Weep not for her who now at rest,  
Where care and pain no more annoy  
Has reached the haven of the blest,  
And realized immortal joy,  
Her spirit smiles from that bright shore,  
And softly whispers weep no more!"—PARK.

"THE golden bowl is broken,  
And the silver chord is loosed;"  
And the spirit of perfection,  
In a tenement of dust,  
Has exchanged the harp of earth,  
For the golden harp of heaven,  
Midst celestial glory bright,  
That to saints of light is given!  
Sister! weep not o'er the wreck  
Of that cold and lifeless clay,  
Which the storms of life have wasted,  
On the waves of death awry;  
While the star of promise rises,  
On the spirit in its flight,  
And a flood of glory dazzles,  
In a world of endless light.

You may gaze upon the darkness,  
Of the lone and silent tomb,  
And may feel your mind beclouded,  
With a veil of silent gloom!  
But her tomb is but the passport,  
To her life of endless bliss,  
And of freedom from the sorrows,  
That afflict a life in this.

Sister! weep not then for her,  
While the stars of promise beam,  
For a flood of glory, swelling

Every ransomed seraph's theme,  
Tunes the chord, and harp in raptures,

Midst the anthems of the just:

While she gazes back in triumph,  
O'er her mortal sleeping dust.

Brother! weep not o'er that tomb,  
Sheltered by thy sister's bier,

And wet not the earth around her,

With a brother's scalding tear;

For in life 'twould wound her spirit,

To behold thy broken heart,

Pierced and bleeding in thy anguish,

From death's barbed and fatal dart.

Brother! mourn not that she's gone,

To the spirit realm above!

For her kindred spirit hovers,

O'er thine own in holy love;

And would gladly call thee after,

To enjoy her sacred rest; •

In the bosom of her Father,

In the regions of the blest.

Friends will drop the silent tear,

Of affection o'er her grave,

While in hallowed silence wandering,

Midst the homes that mortals have;

But sister, brother, friends as dear,

Will cease—their anguish o'er

While the gentle zephyr whispers,

"Sister! brother! weep no more!"

Ghent, Sept. 18, 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

## ON READING "STOCKPORT MY NATIVE PLACE."

THOUGH stranger to thy place and thee,

Methinks I know thee well;

And pleasant must it ever be,

The place where thou dost dwell,

"No castles crown the Hudson's bank,

To lure the traveler's eye,

No stately edifice is reared

With pillars pointing high."

I fancy there, some pleasant cot,

Near "Hudson's pebbled shore,"

May be thy home; Oh! happy lot,

And canst thou wish for more?

Free from care, and free from strife

The rural round may roam;

Cares which oppress a city life,

Find not thy rural home.

'Tis not the halls with gay festoons,

The mansions of the great,

Nor palaces with gilded domes,

Can happiness create;

But in the neat and humble cot,

Where murmuring streams doth flow,

Where warblers their sweet carols chant,

And gentle zephyrs blow.

It is our home, our native home,

Though humble it may be,

"Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,"

Where love abounds most free—

'Tis where a father's tender care,

Hath watched our youthful days,

'Tis where a pious mother there,

Taught us to kneel and pray.

'Tis where we sported when a child,

Our arbor, and our cot,

Adorned with flowers growing wild,

Oh! who doth love it not?

If scenes like these be truly thine,

Thou never canst erase,

Enthroned be ever in thy mind,

Stockport, thy Native place.

HOMERUS.

Greenport, Sept. 1844.

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The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The Rural Repository" is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y., and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued "the even tenor of its way," scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil "long time ago."

## CONTENTS.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1844.

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